In the pure soul, although it sing or pray, The Christ is born anew from day to day, The life that knoweth Him shall hide apart And keep eternal Christmas in the heart. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

CHRISTMAS.

Hang up the vine and the holly, n the cross over the doo That joy coming in with the Christmas, May go from the place nevermore.

Gather love gifts for the children, Guard well the mystical way, that the Carist child comes at the midnight To liess with bright favors the day.

Bring in good cheer and be merry, Dance and ring out glad song; The stars of a Bethlehem desert Looked down on a Christ happy throng.

Go ye in hovel and highway, Guerts to bring in to the feast; Angels shall unawares greet ye In those the world counteth as least,

Sound the sweet Christ loving anthem-Echoes will bear it on high-To the angels made joyous forever By Christmas of love in the sky.

Bow down and worship the spirit Of the feast, the invisible King; Lo! He cometh in searlet and purple To gather a world's offering.

MARIE LE BARON.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

A little way up one of the Rhætian Alps, beneath the snade of an old black pine, grew Christmas rose.* The summer had passed, and the short days had come, when the wind blows and the snow flies, and the hardy little mountain rose had two buds. "Dear me," fretted the rose, "I wish I could blossom when other plants do. There would be some pleasure in displaying oneself for the dainty blue gentian or the pretty eyebright, but with no one to admire me, I see no use in blooming at all."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the old pine, waving his shaggy arms, "Ho! ho! what a little grumbler. The snow and I will admire you. You are named after the blessed Christ child, and ought to be happy and contented. Push up through the deepening snow, little friend, and expand your buds into perfect blossoms; we were all made for a wise purpose, and we shall know what it is when the time comes

Just then the north wind blew so hard the old pine was quite out of breath, and for some reason he never renewed the conversa-

"All the world is dead except the pine and me," murmured the rose, "and perhaps I had better follow his advice. If I was made for a wise purpose I shall not be forgotten." So she took good care of her beautiful buds, and the day before Christmas the black pine saw her blossoms, white and perfect, peering up through the white snow.

Now, the two little children of Klotz, the wood cutter, were nearly heartbroken, for their mother was sick, and that morning the kind neighbor who had watched by her side through the night had said, "God pity this home; I fear your mother will die before night." Their father sat by the fireplace, speechless with grief, and answered them neither by word nor look when they crept up to him for comfort. So at last they stole out of the door, and, hand in hand, wandered a short way up the mountain side, following the forester's tracks till they came in sight of the old black pine.



FINDING THE CHRISTMAS ROSES.

"If all the mothers in the world were dving that hard old pine would not care," said the boy, bitterly. "Let us go back into the valley, sister; there we will find good people, with kind hearts, while here there is no one to care for us."

"There is one who cares for us even here." cried the sister, spying the Christmas roses, and in a moment she had scraped away the snow and plucked them, "We had forgotten the Christ child, and that to-morrow is His birthday. Let us take the roses to the church, and there pray that our mother's life may be spared."

So they hastened down the mountain to the village church, where they found the good paster busy trimming the altar for the Christmas festival. He took the flowers and put them, with some feathery moss, into a tall white vase. Then he knelt with the children and prayed for their mother's life, and the roses nodding on their stems smiled as though the gift asked for were already granted. When they returned home their father met them at the door and exclaimed joyfully, "The fever has turned and your mother is better. Thank God."

The Christmas rose had fulfilled its destiny. Ah, me! the black pine was right. We were all made for a wise purpose, and we shall learn what it is in God's own good time.

the family Hellebore, black Hellebore, so called from the color of its roots. Its large white flowers are produced in winter, and it grows only in cold climates. The flowers are white or tinged

God rest ye, little children; but nothing you affright,

For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night.

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on

Christmas day.

AN EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS.

This is Mr. Worthington's story just as he told it to a number of us one Christmas evening at his house. Mr. Worthington isn't very famous man whose tongue and pen

carry great weight: poraries spoke of it in their "able" pages. Its name was The Trumpet, and I speak only the plainest truth when I say that it gave forth no uncertain sound. I was a very young man and very ambitious. I thought I knew exactly what a forceful weekly newspaper should be, and I hadn't the least doubt of my capacity to construct and manipulate such an engine of reform and advancement. That is the way of the very young, God bless them. Before they have had a hand to hand encounter with life they feel so strong and confident they believe they can do anything, and this very belief, mark you, is what makes the phenomenal successes we so often admire and wonder at. The Spaniards have a it," and it is as true a sentence as ever was penned. Believe you can do anything, and you can, if any one can do it. Success, like the art of swimming, is largely a matter of confidence.

I worked very hard on The Trumpet. I was business man, editor and staff. I had very decided ideas in regard to bettering the world, and started out with the praiseworthy intention of extinguishing several "giant wrongs," under which I plainly saw that society suffered. We all have the reformatory spirit much stronger in us in youth than later on, for the reason, perhaps, that we haven't fully measured the strength of our antagonist, the existing system of things. I was sincerely anxious to thoroughly represent all worthy local interests. To that end I scoured Doonville night and day, and "wrote up" all sorts of things that never before had been described by pen, or immortalized in type. I wanted to wake up my fellow townsmen and women to the interests that lay close around them, and of all things I wanted them to properly appreciate The Trumpet.

I intended to issue a magnificent Christmas number of my beloved journal, twice its ordinary size and brim full of the most alluring holiday matter I could create and rake up. To perfect that number I almost worked myself into a decline. Looking back upon it now, from the standpoint of what I beg to be permitted to call mature common sense, I commend myself heartily for the industry, zeal and confidence I nursed into respectable development in these old, hard working, moneyless days on The Trumpet.

Among other attractive features for my Christmas paper I determined to write up the very poor of Doonville. I could thus be the means of conferring two benefactions-giving the rich a chance to taste of the blessing of giving-for it is more blessed to give than to receive-and also open the way for the poor to be helped. And on Christmas, you know, all hearts are said to be tenderer and more generous, and many are glad of an opportunity to do something for the needy.

Doonville was a small place, and so very prosperous that I scarcely knew where to go to hunt people so poor that I dare intrude upon them and tell their wants in my "valuable and widely circulated" paper. Many of its citizens were very rich, and none whom I personally knew had fallen below decent and tolerable poverty. But down below Doon's mills, on the river bank, were some broken letermined to go thither and dren playing.

investigate. I had this thought in my mind as I was going to office one morning just two days gone far when I met "Calamity" Parker. That was what I called him when my speech was without bridle, for I held him in great

He was a tall, thin, broken down creature. who posed as a gentleman and moved about with a solemn, unhealthful gait and distributed religious tracts. He always seemed to me a frightful excrescence on society, although he had the discretion to say but little. It fretted my progressive spirit to see him crawling around thrusting his weak literature under more intelligent and busier people's eyes. "The day and generation are bevond tracts," I said to myself, "and here is this threadbare fraud keeping up this relic of hardly speak a decent good morning as he passed me. I think he felt that I disliked him; but he had cultivated the unctuous affectation of godliness and an appearance of patience and sweetness under slights and taunts, and invariably returned a smile for a frown. That very habit made him detestable

I began to think about him as I went comfort—others who never came. He had only been in Doonville a comple of years, and I had never heard of his doing anything but distribute tracts and preach on the street corners down by the mills. I concluded that it was time he was abolished. Accordingly my first work on ing. reaching the office was to write a balf column editorial article on "religious distributing received mented castigation. 1 drew a picture of the typical truct man, of which Parker was the model, which wasn't calculated to make his path in Doonville any smoother. This incisive, and I may say "able," article, which was certainly a flaming sword of righteous wrath against the tract fraternity, was to adorn the Christmas num-

Then I started out in my search for pov erty in a self satisfied spirit. It is delightful to do something that wins one's own approbation. I found the row of old bouses all locked and tenantless save one, the last one and the worst one. It was in a state of dilapidation so hopeless that its owner hadn't even thought it worth while to shut it up. The result was that it was tenanted without his permission having been asked. A family of duli brained, sallow skinned, chronically indigent, half dead creatures who had been crawling westward in worn out wagons drawn by dying horses, had taken possession of it by permission of necessity. They had reached Doonville just as their horses succumbed to the inexorable, and there they were, sick, freezing, starving and dying in a state of destitution unspeakable.

I saw through the windows that the house was inhabited, though the only figure I could see moving about was more chostlike than human. On pretense of borrowing a match I knocked for admittance. A match! such a thing was a far off, undreamed of luxury to the family within. There was neither fire nor food in the house, and the wind, the rain and the snow came in at will through the glassless windows. Haven't you noticed that the very elements conspire with poverty to

make his victims wretched! A skeleton man sick unto death lay on the floor his head on a bundle of dry leaves. Two famished children, ill and feeble, were on the semblance of a bed in another corner of the room. A very old woman sat helpless by the side of the sick children, whose emaciated and miserable mother groped about feebly trying to give help to the others. The only one who seemed to have any life to

speak of left was a wan and ragged little girl with delicate features and big, old eyes.

I got fire and food for them, and did all I could for their immediate relief. Then I rushed to the office of The Trumpet and wrote such an account of them as would be sure to send the good people of Doonville to Mr. Worthington at all in real life, but a their door with abundant relief. It was a long and graphic article, and realistic to a startling degree. We were not illustrating My first journal was a country weekly in newspapers then as now, so I could only pic-Doonville, A "flourishing and fearless" jour-nal, was the way my kindly disposed contem-However, I gave the article tremendous head However, I gave the article tremendous head lines and a prominent place. The Trumpet was issued the next day, which was the day before Christmas, and it went forth on its work of arousing the pity of Doonville for the family in the old house by the river. I was very busy all that day and could not go to see them. But when night came and I lay down to rest I had the satisfaction of feeling that they were provided for, and that I had been the instigating cause of their relief. I fancied the surprise and sorrow the benevolent Mrs. Barclay would feel when she visited them, carrying aid, as she was sure to do after reading my article. And how distressed, I thought, Mr. Archibald Doon would be when he realized that so sad a case proverb, "He who expects good luck will get of want existed in the town of which he was so proud. And others-ever so many others -would be equally interested and equally helpful. In imagination I saw the philanthropists of the the community, one after another, going down to the old house by the

river side carrying aid and sympathy.

The next morning was Christmas. It was cold and clear, with a sharp wind blowingtraditional Christmas weather, called cheery in stories, I think, but very uncomfortable for those who are thinly clad. After breakfast I started down to see my poor friends by the river. I wanted to help them, but all I could do would be but a cipher in comparison with what had already been done. But I thrilled with the pleasure I would experience in seeing their improved condition, knowing I had had a hand in it.

How ferlorn and desolate the house was, even as seen from afar off! And oh! the dreariness of Christmas to those within!

A man approached the house just ahead of A second glance told me that it was the tract distributor. I felt a spasm of wrath at sight of him. How dare he mock those wretched people with his printed twaddle about the preciousness of their souls when their bodies needed food, and fire and cloth-



He knocked, and the thin little girl with the pale, delicate face opened the door, came down houses about whose doors I had some- out, and shut it behind her. The tract distimes seen very ragged and very dirty chil- tributor took off his hat, she looked up at him, and I knew she spoke, though I was not near enough to hear what she said. I noticed, too, that she raised her hand in gesture-a solemn and intensely dramatic gesbefore Christmas. I determined to go out ture, it seemed to me, for one so young to that afternoon and begin the search. I hadn't make unconsciously. A queer sort of chill crept over me. The tract distributor opened the door and went in, but she stood outside, and was still standing there when I reached the door.

Somehow, when I was quite near her I could find no words to utter. She seemed to understand, and pointing to the door, said: You can go in if you want to. Father died this morning!"

I stood speechless in the presence of that child's tearless sorrow.

"But help came to you yesterday?" I said, my heart sinking as a possil ility I had never thought of flashed into my mind.

"Yes, be-the man who has just gone incame and was very kind. He stayed by fogyism." I despised him so heartily I could father all night, and was only away a little while; but father died while he was gone." "And—did—did—nobedy else come yesterday?" I stammered.

"Nobody else," said the child, looking up surprised at the question.

I felt ashamed to go in and face the tract distributor in the presence of the dead he had comforted and whom I had left for others to

He greeted me with gentle kindness, and as I clasped his hand in that woeful dwelling I inwardly bent before him in self-abasement We went out together to plan for the funeral and procure further aid for the liv-

"You did a good work when you wrote about these people," he said, "and I thank frauds," in which the practice of tract you, for otherwise I should not have known of their existence in time to be of help when they needed it most."

With what shame I remembered my article on religious frauds, of which I had been so proud only two days before.

From that hour we became warm friends, As I learned to know him well I looked back in amazement at my former conclusions in regard to him, "Calamity" Parker, indee 11 It would have been more fitting had I maned him Beneficent Parker. His life was a benediction-unobtrusive and self-denying; he gave of his abundant sympathy and slender worldly means without reserve. Nor was his never failing patience and sweetness of spirit the cloak of hypocrisy, but the result of years of spiritual aspiration and discipline, which I have never yet begun to attain. His habit of distributing tracts was merely the outward manifestation of a helpful spirit-a habit contracted in a bygone day among simple people. It hurt no one. For aught I know it may have benefited some. Why should I assume that because a man had an inoffensive habit, of which I disapproved, that he was a fit subject to be insulted in the public prints, derided behind his back and specred at when he was present? It was the ignorance of youth, my children-youth, over-confident youth, which thinks it knows everything and often knows nothing. I had not then learned that each one has his own way of doing good, and has his rights, too. Neither had I learned that it is foolish and wicked to judge people whose real lives we do not know

It was some time before I got over my surprise at the apathy of the philanthropists of Doonville in regard to that wretched family. I was at a loss to understand how they could eat their Christmas dinners in comfort, after reading about the distress of the poor souls in the old house. I did not then know that people unused to seeing poverty are slower to lend a helping hand than they who see it every day; that when we have not the poor always with us we forget how to be benevolent and sometimes grow very selfish.

and cannot know-or to judge at all.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A GIGANTIC KITE - AN IMPROVE MENT IN TOBOGGANS.

New Weather Signal System-A Brazilian

No sooner do Englishmen give to Americans ingenuity, commences to improve upon it. Tobogganing is fast becoming a national sport in the northern states. The descendants of Englishmen in Canada have for years used the peculiar looking sled without noticing that it could be improved. Their toboggan slides with the whole bottom surface on the



IMPROVED TOBOGGAN.

The illustration shows a number of runner fixed to lift the sled high enough to avoid fric tion, and enabling the tobogganer to attain greater speed without increasing the incline.

Aerial Experiments.

The kite, which has so long served as a toy for boys, has lately received attention from mechanicians, who find it a means of apply ing and verifying formulas relating to the rethe solution of the problem of flight.

Mr. J. Pillet, of the Paris Polytechnic school, has recently presented to the French Association for the Advancement of Science a theory as to the equilibrium of the kite. The elements to be considered are-its weight; its plane surface; the position of its center of gravity, which has been found to be very near the lower extremity; the center of the wind's pressure, and the point of attachment of the string.



The kite with which Mr. Pillet has been experimenting has a superficial area of 85 square vards. The frame weighs 150 pounds and the canvas and cords 99 pounds. Two cords maneuvered from the earth and connected with the two extremities of the vertical line passing through the geo metric center of the Life give the proper is clination, according to the velocity of the wind. Two assistants prevent a lateral in clination. With the kite a weight of 150 pounds has been lifted 32 reet. Whether anything of value is to be elicited from these experiments the future can alone discover. So far all aerial experiments have failed to enable us practically to navigate the air.

New Weather Signal System.

On March 1, 1887, a new system of government weather signals will be adopted for general use at local and volunteer display stations. It is a white flag for clear or fair weather; a square blue flag for rain or snow a triangular black flag for temperature, to be hoisted above the other flag for higher temperature, below for lower temperature. and a square white flag, with square black center, for a cold wave, as now used. When suspended from a horizontal pole or rope small white streamer will be used to indicate the end from which the flacs are to be read This system seems to be a great improvement on the one now in use.

A Brazilian Beetle.

Dr. W. Mueller describes in Kosmos the remarkable habits of the Brazilian long horn beetle (Oncideres), of less than an inch in length, which graws off branches from one to two inches in diameter of the hard-wooded camphor tree for the purpose of inserting its eggs into the twice, which is done after the branches have fallen to the ground.

The New Severn Tunnel.

On of the great engineering works of the age is the New Severn tunnel, and is especially remarkable for passing under an arm of the sea. It extends from New Passage to Port clowet two and a half miss under the water Its entire length, exclusive of approaches, is about four and a half miles. It has taken thirteen years to build the tunnel.

Hair is taken off ladies' faces by means of

Some persons are able to stop the heart's beating for a considerable time. An expedition will start in the spring for the South Pole.

electricity, and it never returns. A shock is given to the root of the hair by an electric The activity of organized labor in the political world is the most important movement

in the United States since the civil war. Old parties are breaking up. Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Minne apolis, Toronto, and other cities already have

electric street railways in successful and

profitable operation. If a mosquito bites a person who has vellow or malarial fever it carries upon its proboscis enough poisonous matter to infect the next person it stings.

Animals that are dead of hog cholera are being conveyed by the car load to rendering establishments, where they are made into soap if not into lard. This is horrible. The bodies of all animals that die of disease should be immediately and thoroughly

There are 300,000 miles of railway in the world, and America has balf of them. The United States has more than any other na

In New York city steps are being taken leading to the appointment of women on the board of education.

gone up over 30,000 copies in six weeks, since beginning the life of Lincoln. A second edition of December will be issued on the 15th. A veteran New York publisher predicts that the permanent edition of the magazine will go beyond 300,000 Beetle-The New Severn Tunnel-Facts before the completion of the Lincoln hisof Interest-The Popular Sport Tobog- tory. The January installment, which is said by the editors to be of most surprising interest, occupies thtrty pages of the magan idea than Brother Jonathan, with Yankee zine, and treats of Mr. Lincoln's settle ment in Springfield; his practice of law in that city; the Harrison campaign; Lincoln's marriage: his firiendship for the Speeds of Kentucky; the Shields duel; and the campaign of 1844. The illustrations are numerous, including portraits of Joshua Speed and wife, of Mrs. Lucy C speed, Mil'on Hay, President Harrison, General Shields, William H. Herndon

The sales of The Century Magazine have

It is with no desire to be captions that we question the fairness of this statement in one of the reports of the committee in vestigating the books of officers of La Salle county:-

(the law partner of Mr. Lincoln), and Mr.

Lincoln himself, from the photograph pre-

sented by him to Mrs. Lucy C. Spees, in

1861. Pictures are given of the house

where Lincoln was married, also the house

where he lived after his marriage, etc., etc

Your committee further find that it is he practice of some of the officers to conhe practice of some of the officers to conert the witness fees by them received into heir own pockets, through the medium of so-called power of attorney, instead of ino the county treasury as the law directs in ase they are not claimed by witnesses at he expiration of their term of office.

Who has done this-who has pocketed hose fees? Not Taylor, for he is still in of ce; not Finlen, for he is still in effice nd no charge has been made of that kind gainst Bartels. The fact is, the law rejuiring the deposit of these fees in the reasury by retiring court clerks was passed ofter Mr. R. W. Holmes retired from ofsistance of the air and thus contributing to fice, at the instance of La Salle county nembers of the legislature to fit a condi. trash. ion of things that has not yet occurred, for o clerk (except Stocksleger, and he has at been accused of pocketing such fees) as retired since the law went into operaon, so it is hardly t ir t intimate that it being done, the clerks being still in ofice and subject to a demand from witnesss for their money.

> UNDERHILL.-Our good friend, D. H U n terhill, of Seneca, was in the city on Wed. nesday week. He is recovering from his late secident, but still has need of a crutch in getting about the streets.

UTTERLY DISCOURAGED

expresses the feeling of many victims of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and neryous or sick headache. Having tried numberless so-called remedies, and physicians of all schools, without relief, there seems to be no hope. Many such have as a last resort tried Athlophoros, and to their surprise and joy have found that it was a safe, sure and quick cure. Athlophoros is not an experiment; thousands have been cured by its use and they testify as to its value.

The little boy of John H. Parker, Charleston, Ill., has been an invalid since he was a year old, his disease being so complicated that it was difficult for the physicians to determine upon what his disease was. The little fellow suffered for years the most violent pains and torture. He was helpless as to walking. His limbs were almost devoid of feeling. Mr. Parker's sister, Mrs. M. S. Travers, says the boy has been using Athlophoros, and the medicine has almost performed a miracle. He can now walk about and play as other boys do. His back has been relieved of the stiffness, so that he can stand more erect than he ever could before.

He is now ten years of age, and 1 know his father had spent two hundred dollars for patent medicines alone, but nothing did him any good until he took the Athlophoros. His father has also used the medicine for neuralgia, with very good

Rutland, Illinois. Was cured by Athlophoros one year ago last Spring, and have not been troubled with the rheumatism since. I tried other medicines to no good result. I have sold this medicine since I was cured, and all that have taken it as the directions ordered

have been cured. J. M. Shaw.
Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is \$1.00 per bottle or Athlophoros and 50c, for Pills. For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impurablood, Ac., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled. 6

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Legal.

HENRY GUNN

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Attorney at Lanc.

ACTICEL.—Extra of Lanc.

ALSED—Notice is hereby given, signed, Administratrix of the estate of Jr., late of the country of La Salle av. nois, deceased, will appear before the l'said county on the third Monday them of February, 1837, at the Probate Court, wa in said county, when and where all chains or demands against said cerate attend and present the same in writing attend and present the same in writing to time or deminion seems in writing for appearance tend and present the same in writing for appearance Dated this 7th day of December, a. o. 1886.

HARRIET L. STRAWN, Administration.

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